



KEVIN SMITH • PHIL HESTER • ANDE PARKS

GREEN ARROW

NO. 6
SEP '01



QUIVER
PART SIX

INTRODUCTION



Hal Jordan was chosen to represent an intergalactic police force created by the oldest beings in existence—the Guardians of the Universe. Protecting Earth and all of space sector 2814 from every extraterrestrial threat imaginable, Hal shines his light proudly as Green Lantern! Follow his adventures from his “Rebirth” and triumphant return to the DC Universe, through his darkest hour in the Blackest Night!

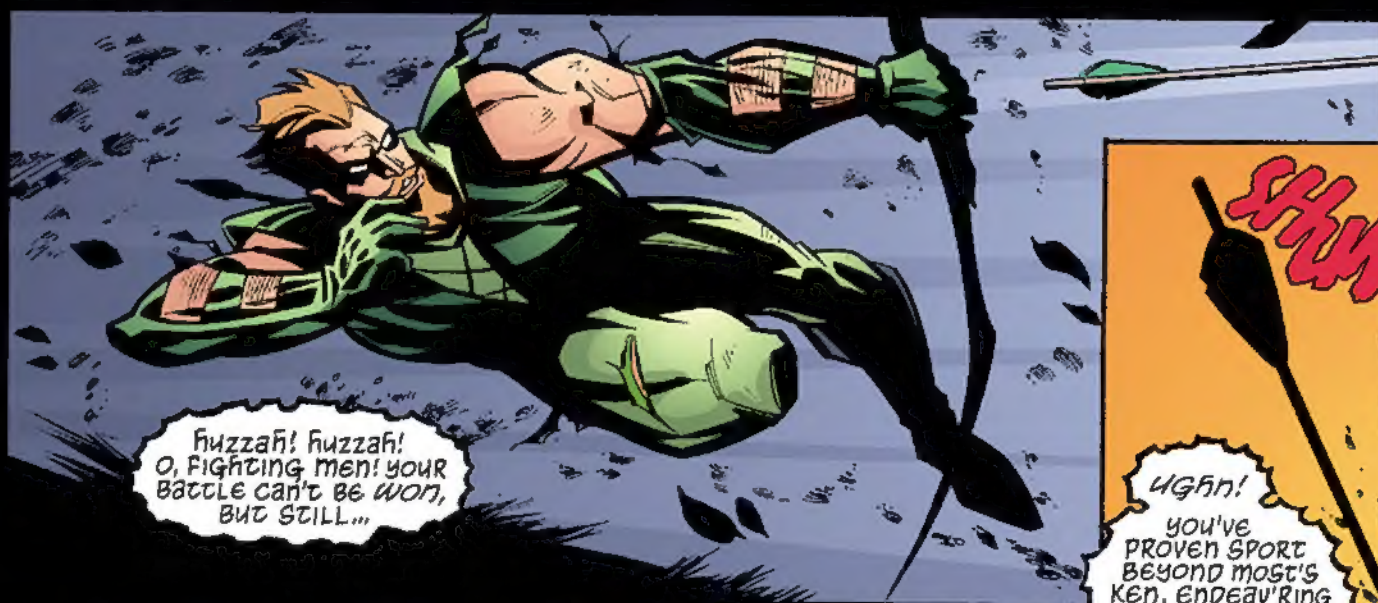
Hal Jordan’s best friend, Oliver Queen, was once a self-centered billionaire and head of Queen Industries. His fall from grace (and life) was epic...but the Emerald Archer found a way to survive. Now considered a super hero, he strikes out against crime and corruption in his home of Star City as the world’s greatest archer and ultimate hero for the people—Green Arrow!

And as a special treat, available for the first time ever digitally:

The complete Dennis O’Neil/Neal Adams GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW saga! Considered some of the greatest work ever produced, these legendary masters tell complex inner-city tales with the Emerald Archer, while Hal Jordan battles all forms of universe-threatening menace...and when they team up, it’s the stuff of legends! Read history as it was being created and enjoy some of the most exciting, innovative stories of the genre!

GREEN ARROW: THE LONGBOW HUNTERS is the groundbreaking story of an older, more introspective Green Arrow who’s begun to question the decisions he’s made throughout his career. But danger follows the Emerald Archer and he soon finds himself bow-deep in intrigue and violence, as he’s joined by the mysterious Yakuza archer Shado, in a desperate bid to save Black Canary’s life!





Fuzzah! Fuzzah!
O, fighting men! your
battle can't be won,
but still...



ughh!
you've
proven sport
beyond most's
ken, endeavoring
your triumph
of the
will.



but this futile
labor you must now sever,
'gainst me, though, yes--I'm
known the fiend...



funh!

and afford
this fellion's
duty a measure;
for mine's a charge
of import
extreme.



to naked eye,
dear sir, you're
whole, but to elohim's
eyes, you're cause
to shiver!

have you not yet
gleaned your unnatural
role? you're not the
archer, sir...

DC COMICS PRESENTS
QUIVER


CHAPTER SIX:
THE HOLLOW MAN

...YOU'RE
JUST HIS
QUIVER!


WILL YOU
SHUT THE
HELL UP
ALREADY?

FWAASH!

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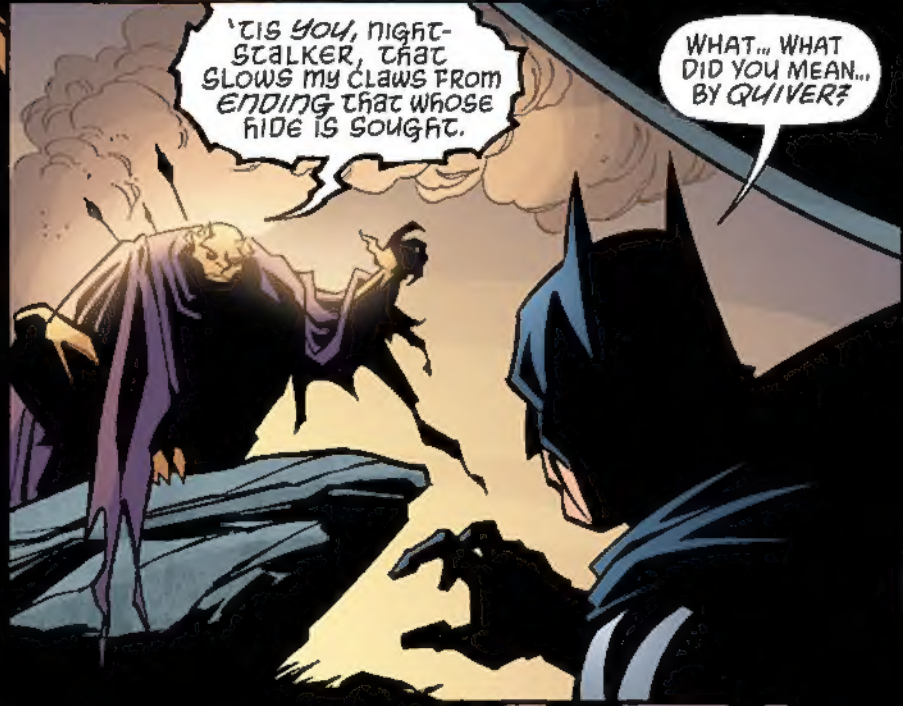


YOUR WORDS--
THEY E-VOKE
LAUGHTER'S TONIC.
I TRUST THE HUGK WAS
BEING IRONIC?




BLOOD!
NO!

Uhn!



'TIS YOU, NIGHT-
STALKER, THAT
GLOWS MY CLAWS FROM
ENDING THAT WHOSE
HIDE IS SOUGHT.

WHAT... WHAT
DID YOU MEAN...
BY QUIVER?



IF AN
INSTRUCTOR
YOU SEEK IN
PHYSICS LAWS,
CLASS BEGINS,
GOOD
PUPIL...



... COME AND
BE TAUGHT!



FISHWAAH!

4

I TRUST
attention
WAS PAID TO THAT
SERMON, BUT NOW
I OFFER
LESSON'S END.

a TASTE OF
THE GRAVE, FOR
ONE DRESSED AS VERMIN!
THEN A DOSE OF THE SAME
FOR HIS GREEN
FRIEND.

A TASTE OF
THE GRAVE, FOR
ONE DRESSED AS VERMIN!
THEN A DOSE OF THE SAME
FOR HIS GREEN
FRIEND.

A close-up comic book panel of the Hulk. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his signature purple pants. His face is a bright yellow-green, and he has a fierce, angry expression with his mouth wide open in a roar, revealing sharp white teeth and a red tongue. His eyes are red and narrowed. Above his head is a speech bubble containing the text "HUUUUUUHHHHH...". The background is a dark, textured blue with white, jagged lines suggesting a rocky or explosive environment.

[illegible]

WHAT WAS THAT?!

FIRE EXTINGUISHER ARROW.

WHAT WAS THAT?!

FIRE EXTINGUISHER ARROW.

I WILL NEVER...

... EVER ...

... MOCK YOUR TRICK ARROWS AGAIN.

I WILL NEVER...

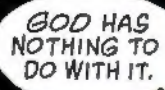
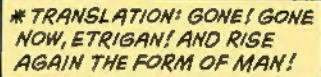
... EVER...

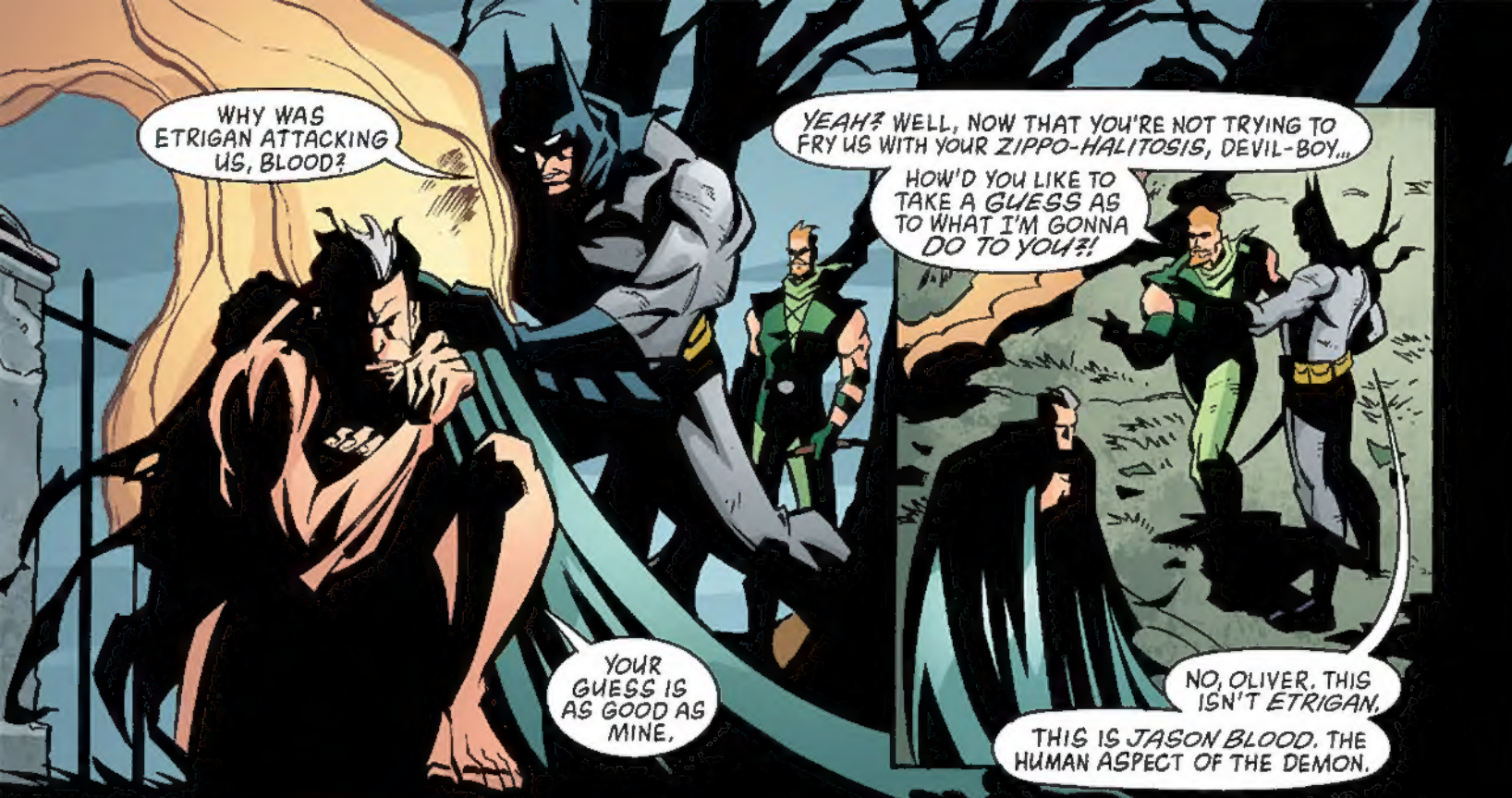
... MOCK YOUR TRICK ARROWS AGAIN.

I WILL NEVER...

... EVER...

... MOCK YOUR TRICK ARROWS AGAIN.





WHY WAS
ETRIGAN ATTACKING
US, BLOOD?

YEAH? WELL, NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO
FRY US WITH YOUR ZIPPO-HALITOSIS, DEVIL-BOY...

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
TAKE A GUESS AS
TO WHAT I'M GONNA
DO TO YOU?!

YOUR
GUESS IS
AS GOOD AS
MINE.

NO, OLIVER. THIS
ISN'T ETRIGAN.

THIS IS JASON BLOOD. THE
HUMAN ASPECT OF THE DEMON.



ETRIGAN
HAS NO
ASPECT OF
HUMANITY.

I'M ETRIGAN'S
CAGE,
NOTHING MORE.

YOU'VE GOT
SOME WEIRD
FRIENDS, YOU
KNOW THAT?

SAYS MY
FRIEND WHO
DIED.

"... FRIEND WHO
DIED...?"

THIS IS
OLIVER
QUEEN,
BLOOD--
THE
ORIGINAL
GREEN
ARROW.

HE WAS
SUPPOSED
TO HAVE--

DIED, YES.
I REMEMBER
READING SUCH.

THIS MAY
EXPLAIN WHY
ETRIGAN WAS
ATTACKING HIM.
WE CAME TO
STAR CITY IN
SEARCH OF A
HOLLOW.

A HOLLOW? WHAT
THE HELL'S THAT?

IF YOU'RE
A RELIGIOUS
MAN, I'D START
PRAYING YOU'RE
NOT IT.



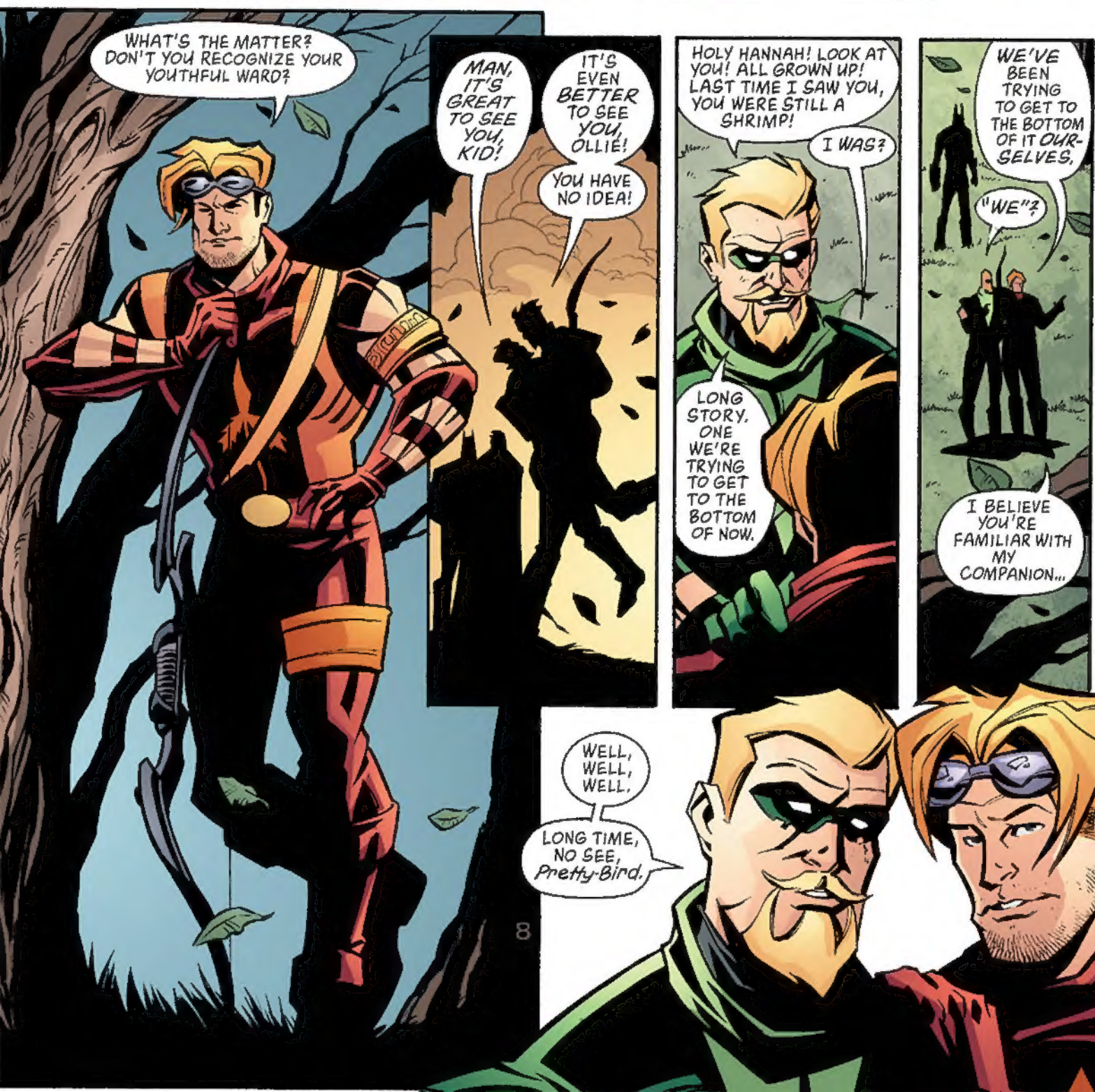
I HAVE A SAFE-HOUSE IN THE CITY. WE'LL NEED TO GET TO IT, IF I'M TO PROVIDE YOU WITH THE ANSWER YOU SEEK ABOUT ETRIGAN'S BEHAVIOR.

WELL, THANKS TO YOUR BETTER HALF, WE'RE SHORT A RIDE!

NOW, WHO'S THI...?

ROY?

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT WITH THAT.



WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR YOUTHFUL WARD?

MAN, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, KID!

IT'S EVEN BETTER TO SEE YOU, OLLIE!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA!

HOLY HANNAH! LOOK AT YOU! ALL GROWN UP! LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WERE STILL A SHRIMP!

I WAS?

LONG STORY. ONE WE'RE TRYING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF NOW.

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT OURSELVES.

"WE"?

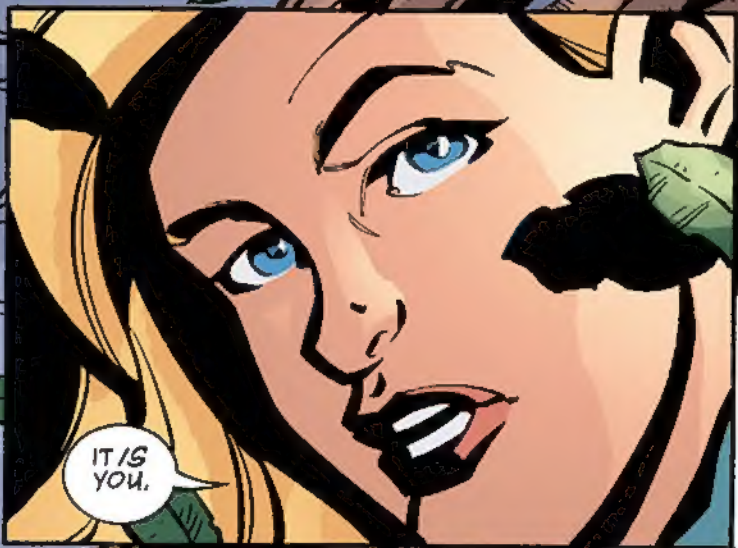
I BELIEVE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH MY COMPANION...

WELL, WELL, WELL.

LONG TIME, NO SEE, Pretty-Bird.



MY
GOD...



IT IS
YOU.



DINAH,
I...



YOU BOTH
SEEM TO BE
TAKING THIS
IN STRIDE.

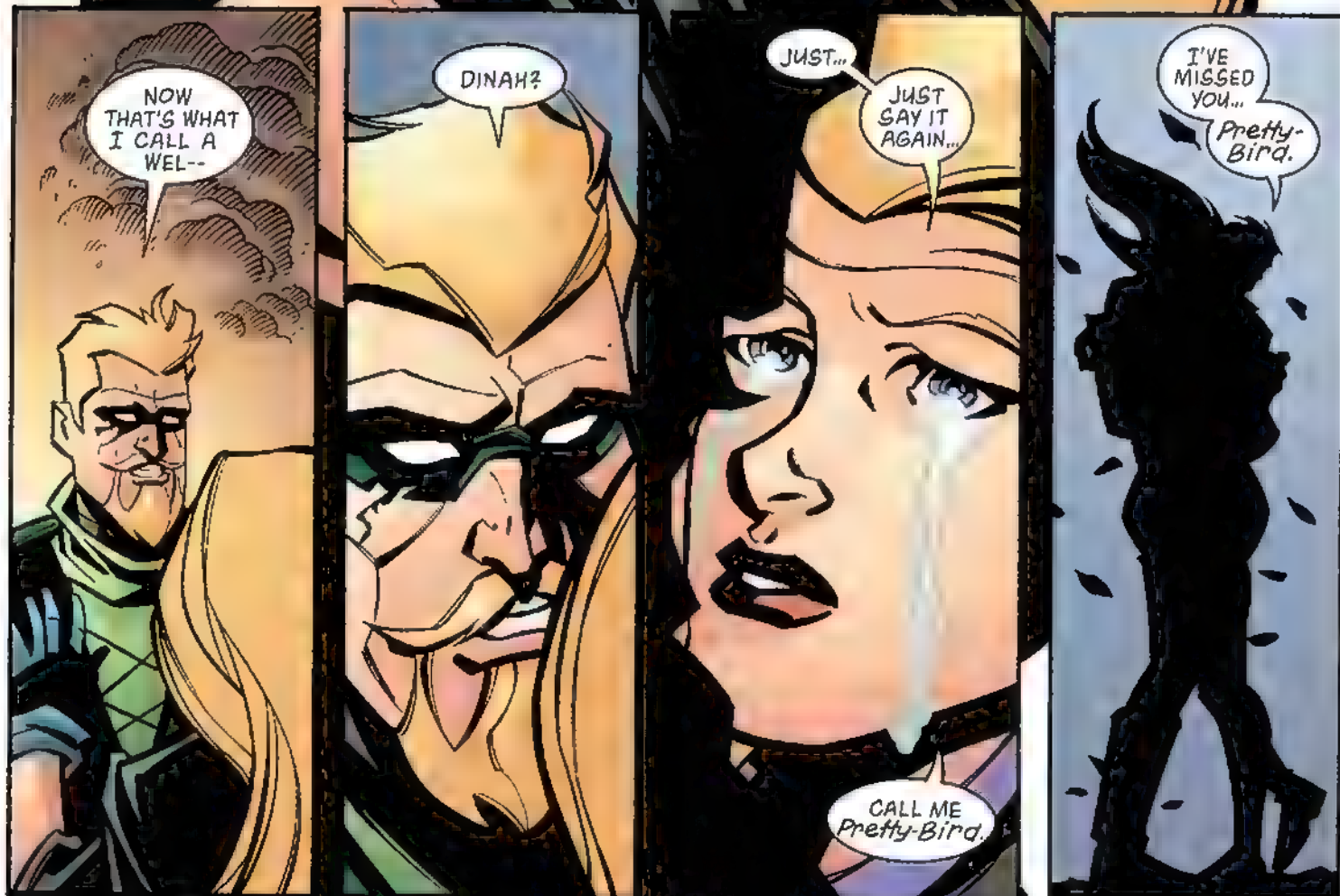
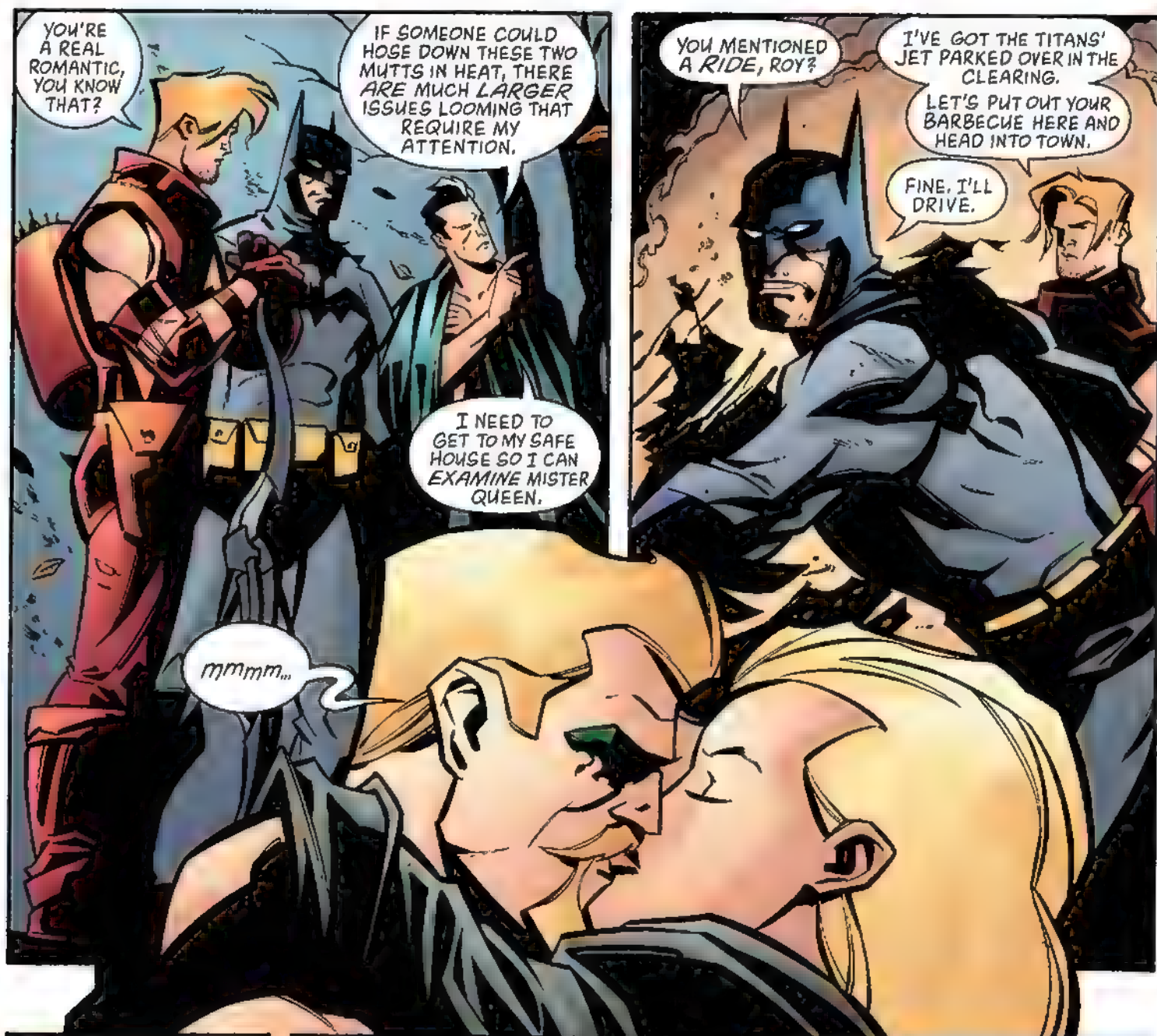
I TRUST
YOU'RE AWARE OF HIS
CONDITION?

SOMEONE
FILLED US IN.

I WAS WORRIED
HOW SHE'D FEEL,
SEEING HIM AGAIN.
THEY DIDN'T PART
VERY WELL, LAST
TIME THEY SAW
EACH OTHER.

GUESS
THAT ANSWERS
THAT.

DINAH'S A
COMPLEX WOMAN. I WOULDN'T
NECESSARILY ASSUME ALL'S
BEEN COMPLETELY FORGIVEN
JUST YET.



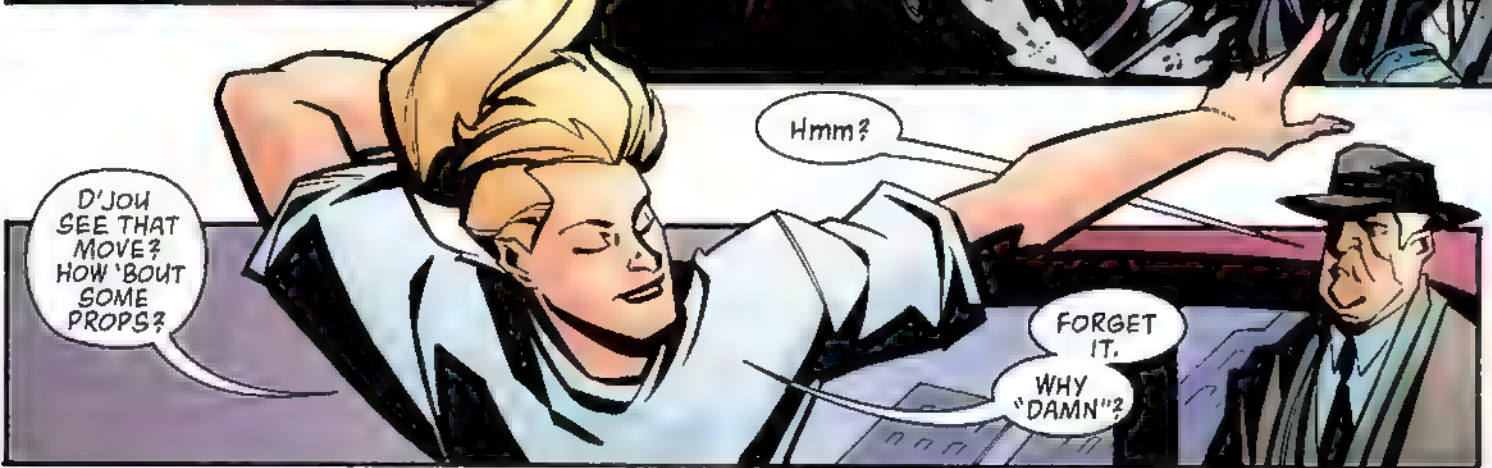




BLACK
CANARY
AND
ARSENAL.

REALLY.

DAMN.



D'JOU
SEE THAT
MOVE?
HOW 'BOUT
SOME
PROPS?

Hmm?

FORGET
IT.

WHY
"DAMN"?



I'M
SORRY?

YOU SAID,
"DAMN."
WHY "DAMN"?

WELL,
IT'S JUST
THAT...

... WITH
OLLIE STILL
IN THE STATE
HE IS, WHO
KNOWS WHAT
SEEING TWO
IMPORTANT
PEOPLE FROM HIS
OLD LIFE MIGHT
DO TO
HIM?



MAYBE IT'LL BRING BACK
EVERYTHING, AND HE'LL BE
HIMSELF AGAIN. IT COULD
BE GOOD FOR HIM TO
SEE THEM, DON'T YOU
THINK?

NEED
ANY HELP
WITH THAT
STUFF IN THE
TRUNK?



Uh...
NO.

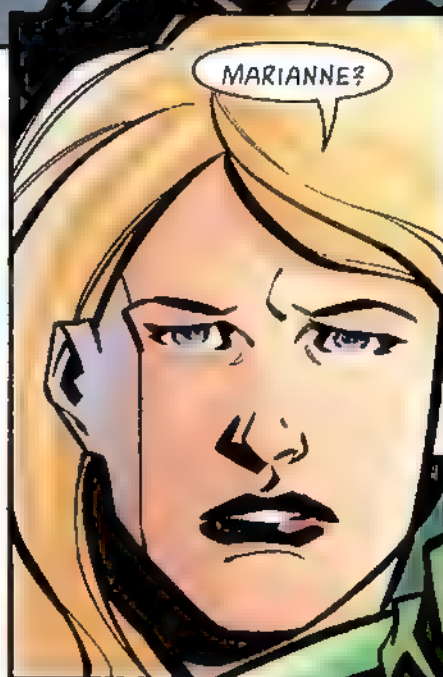
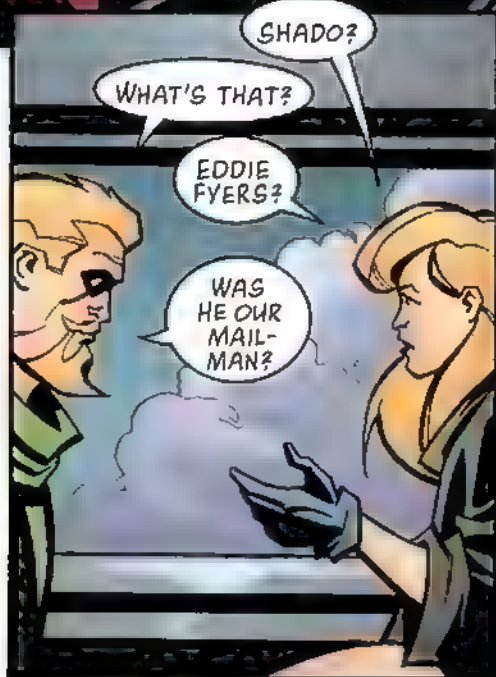
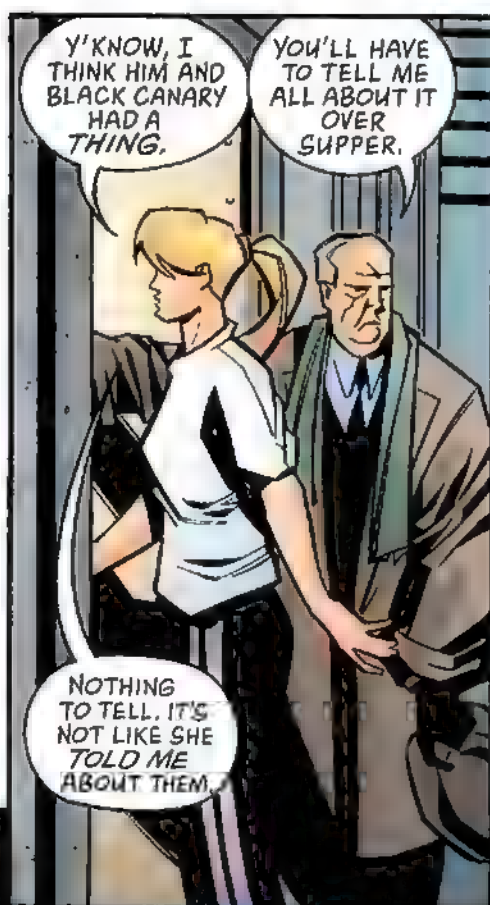
NO, THE STUFF IN
THE TRUNK'LL KEEP
'TIL TOMORROW.
LET'S JUST GET
INSIDE.



I'LL BET YOU HAVEN'T
EATEN YET?

EAT? WHO CAN EAT
WHEN YOU'VE GOT REAL,
LIVE SUPER-HEROES
ON YOUR ROOF, TALKING
TO YOU LIKE YOU
MATTER?

I MEAN, THESE
GUYS FIGHT ALIENS
AND DIRTBAGS LIKE
RICHARD FOR
A LIVING!





NOT
MINE.

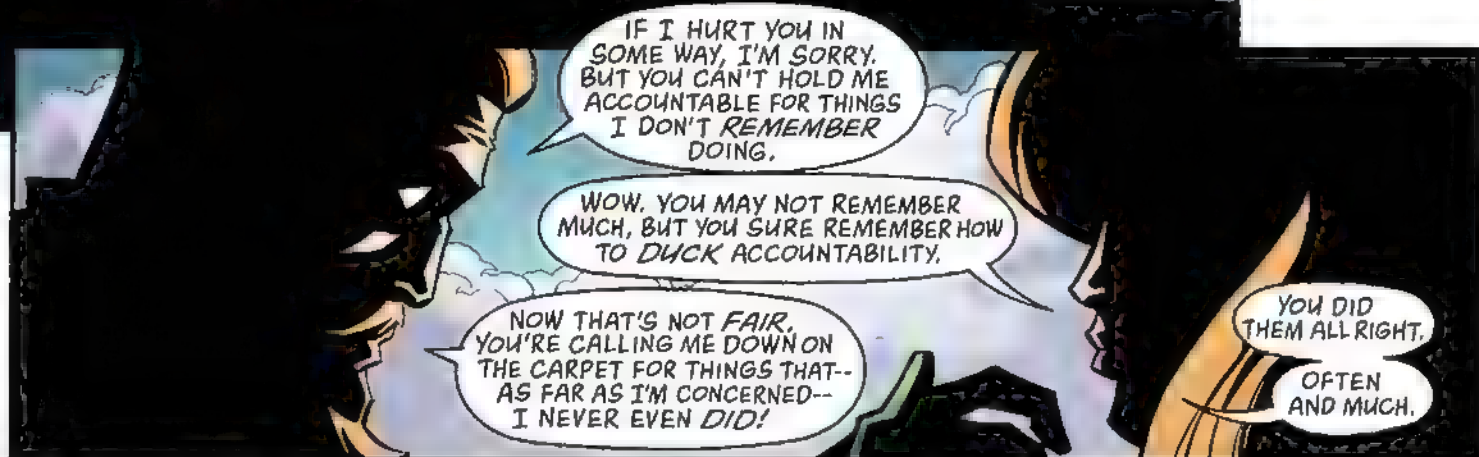
I'M SORRY, DINAH--
I DON'T REMEMBER
ANY OF THEM.

I DO.
EVERY
DAY OF
MY LIFE.

I'M MISSING TIME, LOVE.
LOTS OF IT, APPARENTLY. ALL
I REMEMBER IS YOU AND ME--
KICKING TAIL, RIGHTING WRONGS,
AND MAKING LOVE.

LOTS OF
LOVE.

THAT'S
CONVENIENT.
WISH I
COULD SAY
THE SAME.

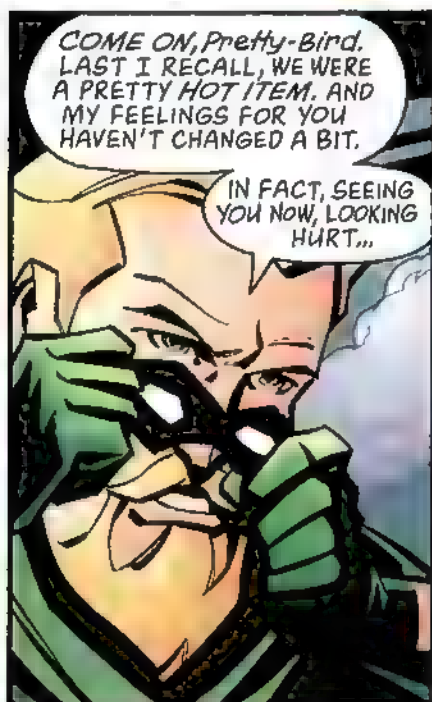


IF I HURT YOU IN
SOME WAY, I'M SORRY.
BUT YOU CAN'T HOLD ME
ACCOUNTABLE FOR THINGS
I DON'T REMEMBER
DOING.

WOW. YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER
MUCH, BUT YOU SURE REMEMBER HOW
TO *DUCK* ACCOUNTABILITY.

NOW THAT'S NOT FAIR.
YOU'RE CALLING ME DOWN ON
THE CARPET FOR THINGS THAT--
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED--
I NEVER EVEN DID!

YOU DID
THEM ALL RIGHT.
OFTEN
AND MUCH.



COME ON, *Pretty-Bird*.
LAST I RECALL, WE WERE
A PRETTY HOT ITEM. AND
MY FEELINGS FOR YOU
HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT.

IN FACT, SEEING
YOU NOW, LOOKING
HURT...



... THEY'RE
EVEN
DEEPER.

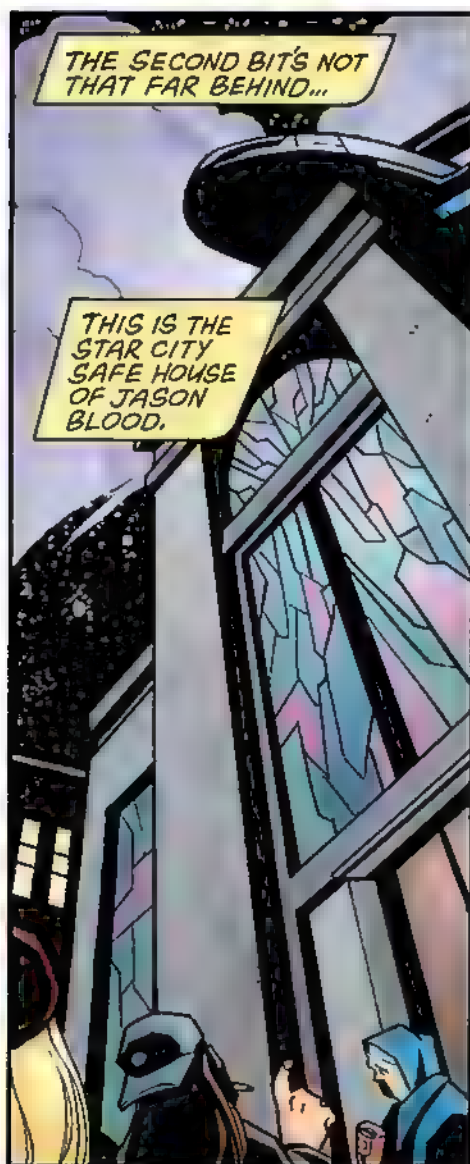
HOW ABOUT WE
JUST FORGET ALL
THAT *OTHER*
STUFF AND GO
BACK TO THE
KISSING
PART?



I DON'T
KNOW,
OLLIE...

I DON'T
KNOW IF WE
EVER CAN.

THAT'S OLIVER QUEEN'S
FIRST BIT OF BAD NEWS
FOR THE EVENING...



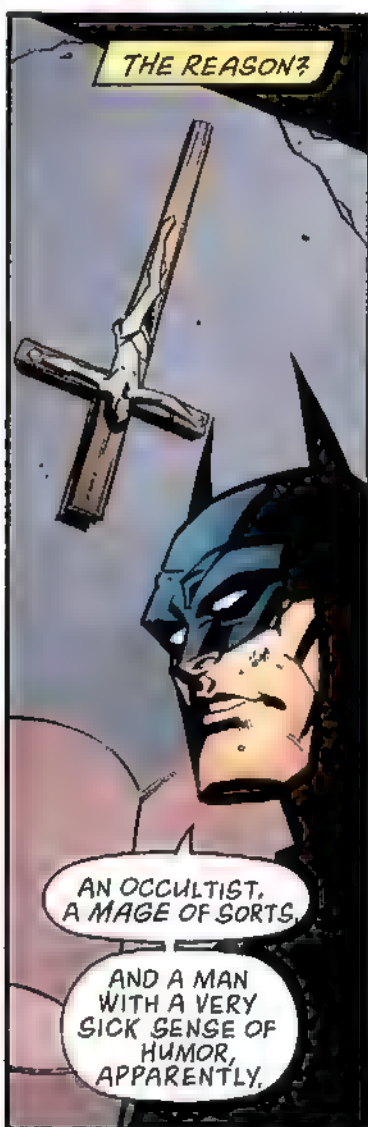
THE SECOND BIT'S NOT THAT FAR BEHIND...

THIS IS THE STAR CITY SAFE HOUSE OF JASON BLOOD.



BLOOD KEEPS PLACES JUST LIKE IT ON EVERY COAST OF EVERY CONTINENT, PINPOINTING THE MOST POWERFUL LEY LINES ACROSS THE GLOBE.

WHO IS THIS GUY BLOOD, ANYWAY?



THE REASON?

AN OCCULTIST, A MAGE OF SORTS.

AND A MAN WITH A VERY SICK SENSE OF HUMOR, APPARENTLY.



DARKNESS DOESN'T RECOGNIZE INTERNATIONAL BORDERS.

AND YOU'RE SURE WE WANT TO TRUST HIM ALONE WITH OLLIE, BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR?

AM I SURE? NO, BUT RIGHT NOW...

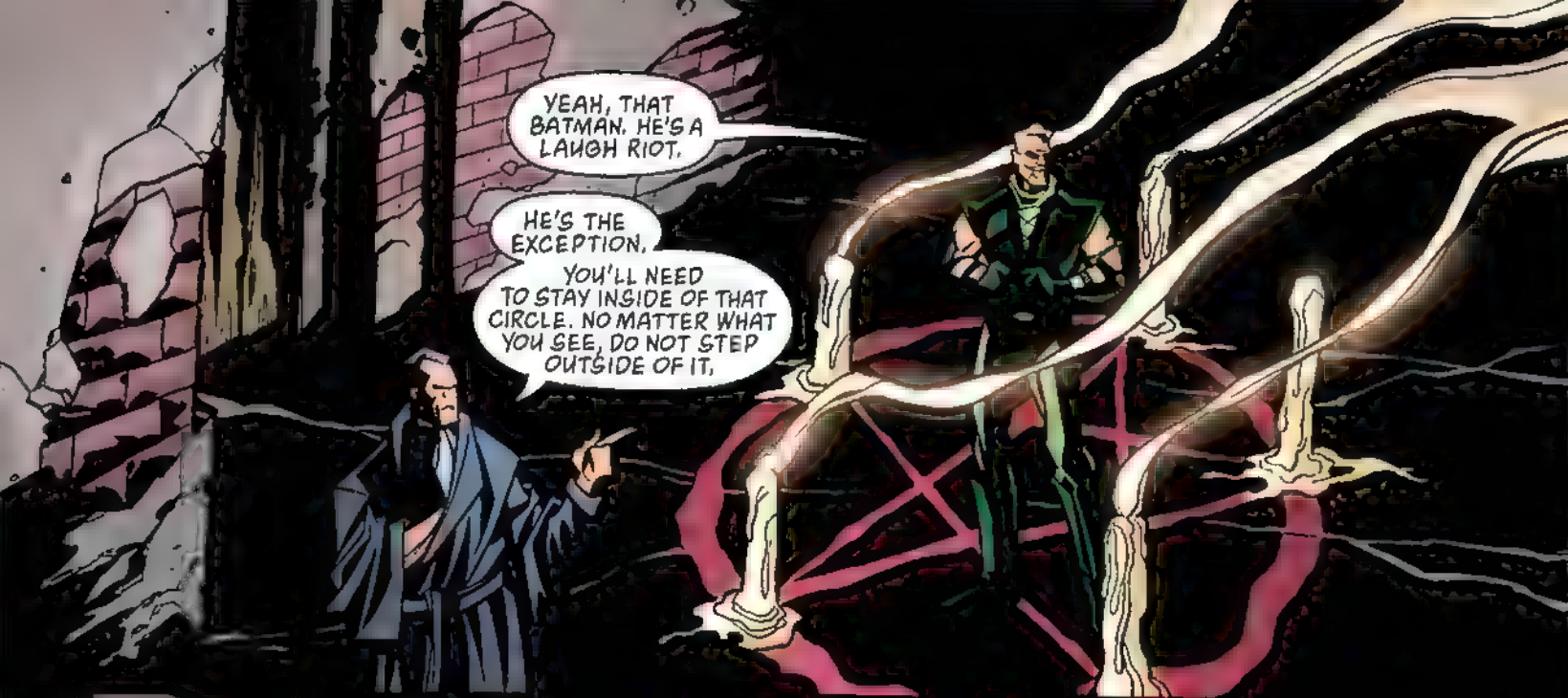
"BLOOD'S THE BEST LEAD WE HAVE IN GETTING TO THE TRUTH ABOUT OLIVER."

YOU EVER PLAY 'TWISTER'? IT'S KINDA LIKE THIS.

HUMOR AS A DEFENSE MECHANISM.

THE MOST ANNOYING CHARACTER TRAIT YOU SHARE WITH YOUR COSTUMED FRIENDS.





YEAH, THAT
BATMAN. HE'S A
LAUGH RIOT.

HE'S THE
EXCEPTION.

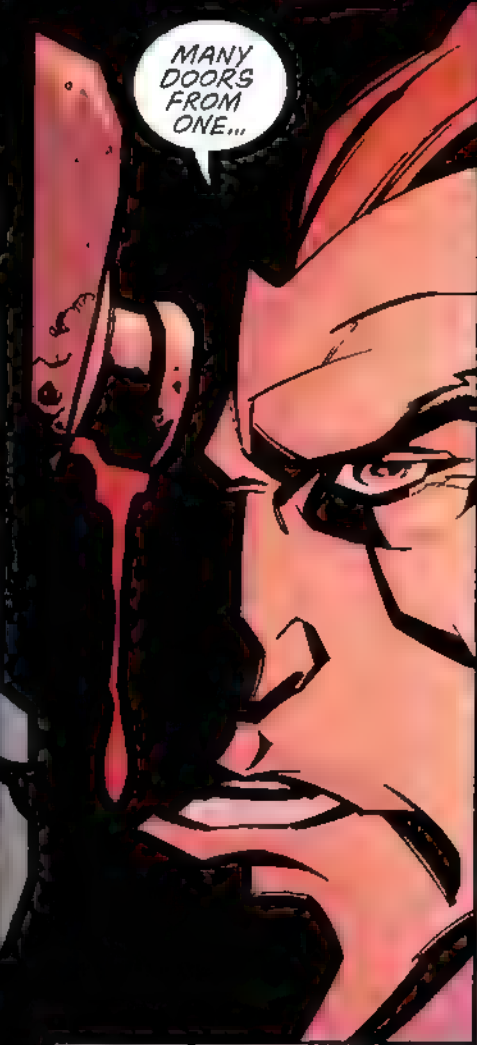
YOU'LL NEED
TO STAY INSIDE OF THAT
CIRCLE. NO MATTER WHAT
YOU SEE, DO NOT STEP
OUTSIDE OF IT.



IF YOU ARE
WHAT I
SUSPECT YOU
ARE, THEY'LL BE
ANXIOUS TO
GET TO YOU.

WHO ARE
'THEY'?

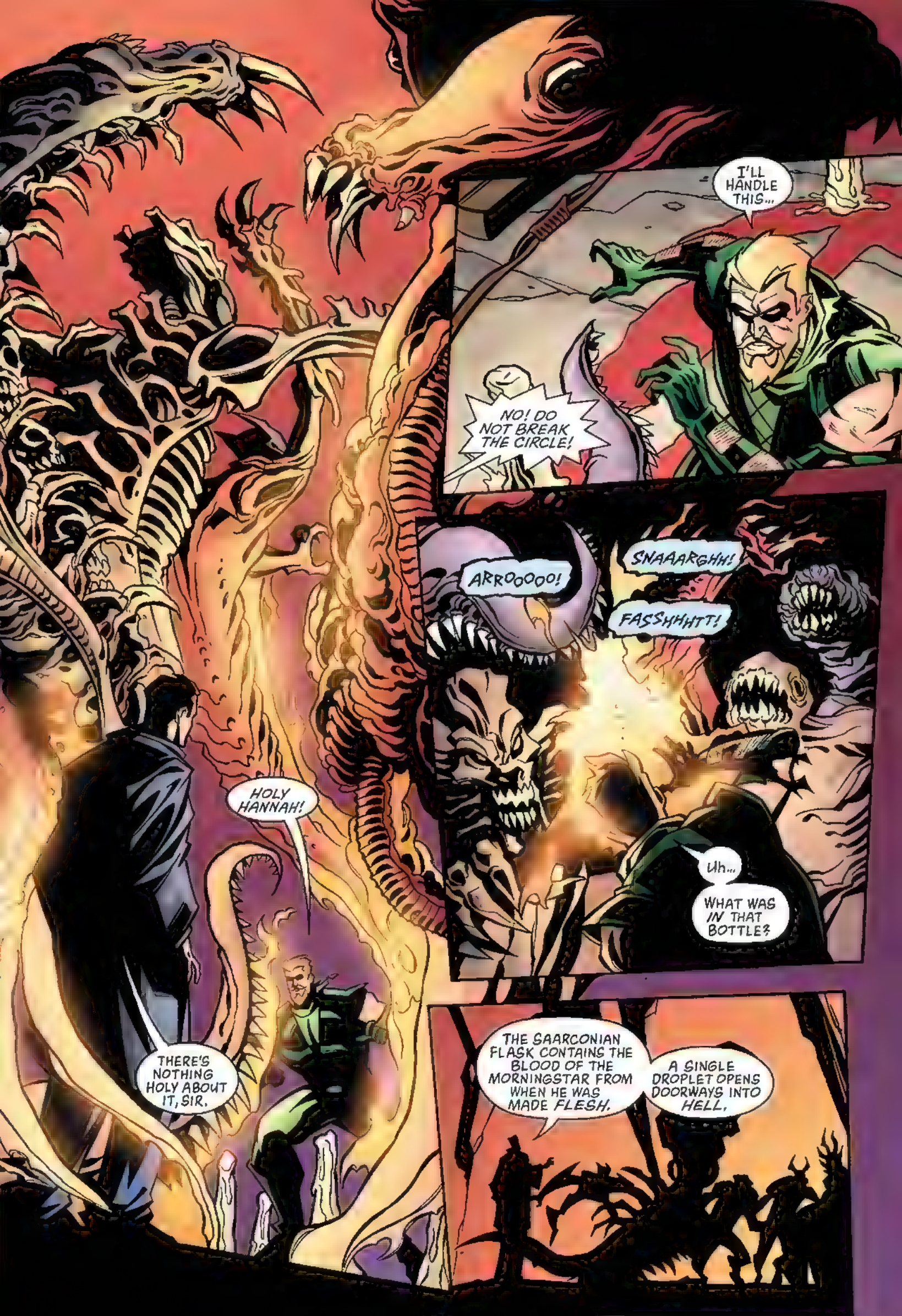
YOU'LL
SEE, JUST
HEED THE
WARNING.



MANY
DOORS
FROM
ONE...



... COME.



I'LL
HANDLE
THIS...

NO! DO
NOT BREAK
THE CIRCLE!

SNAAARGHH!

ARROOOO!

FASSHHHTT!

HOLY
HANNAH!

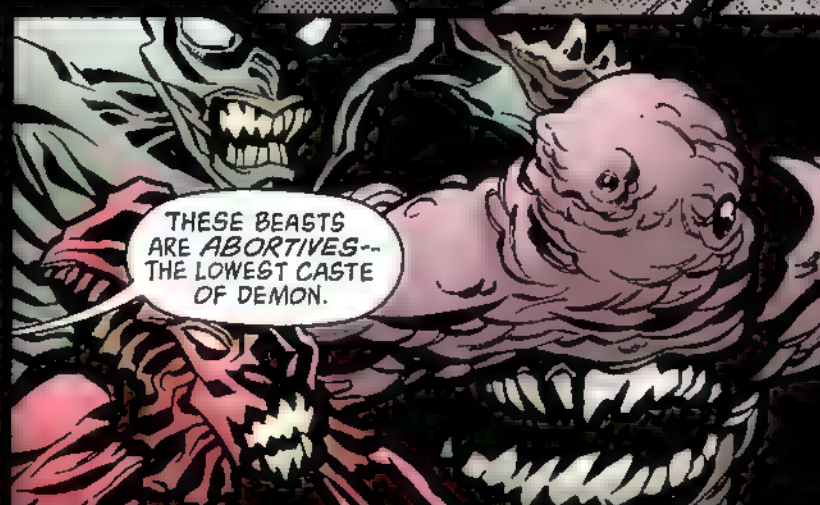
THERE'S
NOTHING
HOLY ABOUT
IT, SIR.

Uh...


WHAT WAS
IN THAT
BOTTLE?

THE SAARCONIAN
FLASK CONTAINS THE
BLOOD OF THE
MORNINGSTAR FROM
WHEN HE WAS
MADE FLESH.


A SINGLE
DROPLET OPENS
DOORWAYS INTO
HELL.



THESE BEASTS
ARE *ABORTIVES*--
THE LOWEST CASTE
OF DEMON.




WHY AREN'T
THEY TALKING IN
RHYMES LIKE THE
YELLOW GUY?



THEY
LACK THE
RANK.


IN FACT,
THEY LACK
THE *ABILITY*
TO EVEN GRASP
LANGUAGE,
AS THEY'RE
NOT
TRAVELERS.



TRAVELERS
CAN LEAVE THE
PITT FROM TIME
TO TIME. THE
ABORTIVES WERE
BIRTHED IN HELL
AND KNOW ONLY
ITS AGONY.

THEIR ENTIRE
EXISTENCE IS SPENT
WAITING FOR A LIVING
HUMAN HUSK TO
APPEAR ON EARTH.

TRAVELERS?




THE SOLE
MANNER IN
WHICH THEY
CAN ESCAPE THE
FLAMES AND
WALK THE MORTAL
PLANE IS TO
INHABIT A
HOLLOW.

WHAT'S A
'HOLLOW'?

A VITAL
HUMAN BODY
WITH NO
SOUL.

SO WHY ARE
THEY TRYING TO
GET TO ME?



BECAUSE,
SIR...

...YOU ARE
A *HOLLOW*.

WHAT?!
HOW?!

HOW IT
HAPPENED MATTERS
LITTLE TO ME, WHAT
DOES MATTER IS
THAT YOU'RE A **THREAT**
TO THIS PLANE, AS WELL
AS THE PITT.

YOU'RE A WALKING
POTENTIAL **APOCALYPSE**,
IF INHABITED BY THE RIGHT--
OR WRONG-- DEMON.

YOU COULD LOOSE
ALL MANNER OF HORROR
IN THIS WORLD, SIMPLY
BY EXISTING.

AND I
CAN'T HAVE
THAT.

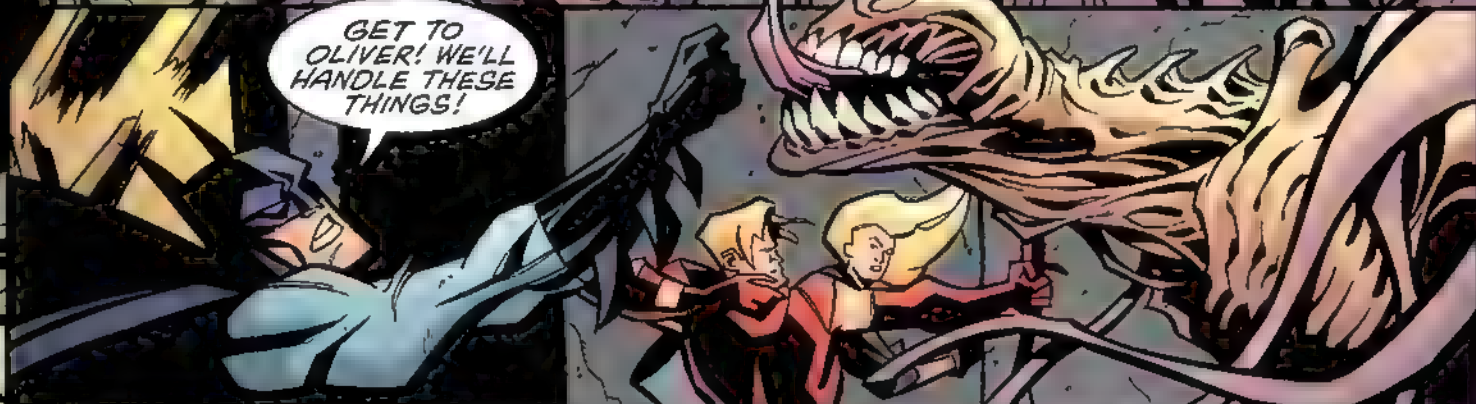
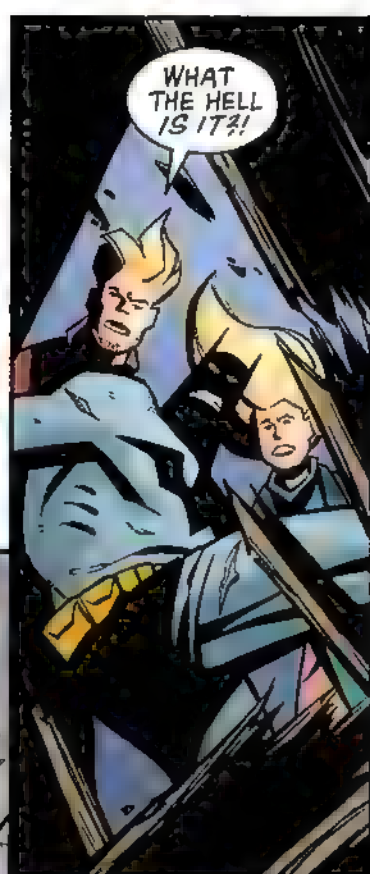
NOW WE KNOW WHY
ETRIGAN WAS TRYING TO
SLAY YOU. AND IT'S WITH NONE-
TOO-HEAVY A HEART THAT I
RETURN THE BEAST
TO FINISH HIS DUTY.

DO BE KIND
ENOUGH TO
MAINTAIN YOUR POSITION
IN THE CIRCLE UNTIL HE CAN
KILL YOU, IF YOU STEP OUT-
SIDE OF IT TO BATTLE ETRIGAN
OR EVADE YOUR IMMINENT
DEMISE, YOU GIVE ONE OF
THESE CREATURES PURCHASE
TO WREAK ALL MANNER OF
PROFANE HAVOC ON EARTH,
WHICH, I'D WAGER,
WOULD START...

... WITH
MISS
LANCE.

TAKE COMFORT
IN KNOWING YOU DIE
A HERO ONCE AGAIN,
SIR. YOUR SACRIFICE
HERE SAVES MILLIONS
OF LIVES.

I'M SORRY,
MISTER QUEEN.
BUT IT'S FOR
THE BEST.



FOUL CREATURES!
HEAR WHAT ETRIGAN
NOW SAYS: SCURRY,
FETID THINGS OF A
BASE SOUL'S WHIMS!

BLOCK ME
NOT FROM
THIS BEAST THAT
FROM BETHLEHEM
SLOUCHES! IMPEDE
ME AND RETURN
TO THE PITT
WITHOUT
LIMBS!

HURRY,
DINAH!

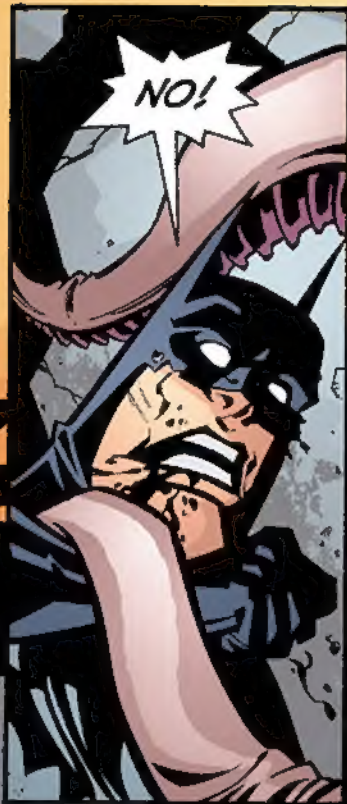
THERE'S
TOO MANY!

YOUR QUEEN IS
IS DEAD, I FEAR, DEAR
MADAM, HE'LL SOON FEEL
THE BREATH OF PERDITION'S
FLAME! KISS HIM NOW, FOR
ONCE THE DEMON'S HAD
AT HIM, YOU'LL BE HARD-
PRESSED TO EMBRACE HIS
CHARRED REMAINS!

ah!

I'VE FINALLY
DUG OUT THE ELUSIVE
QUARRY!

SO ENDS
OUR SHORT-
LIVED
FOLLOW
SAFARI.



FROM THE WRITER/DIRECTOR OF
CLERKS AND MALLRATS

**KEVIN
SMITH**

with **PHIL HESTER**

"Bullseye revisionism. A-"
– ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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VOL. 2: SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE

VOL. 3: ARCHER'S QUEST

VOL. 4: STRAIGHT SHOOTER

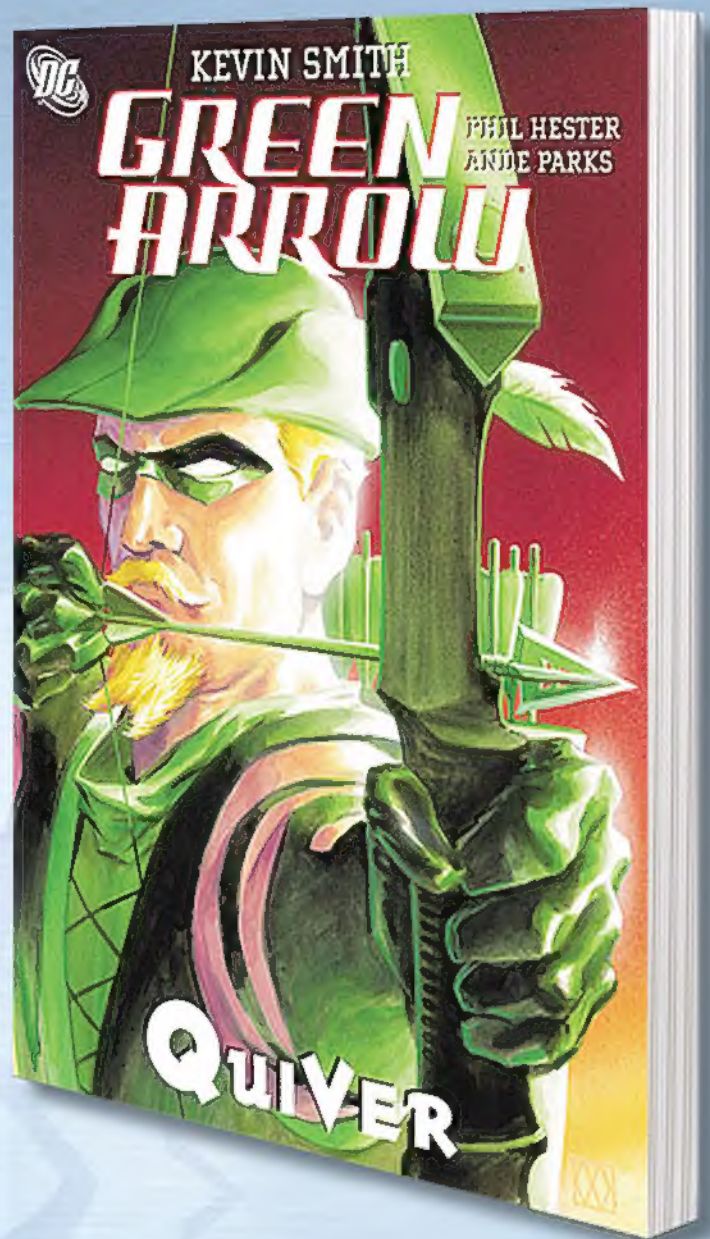
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VOL. 6: MOVING TARGETS

VOL. 7: HEADING INTO THE LIGHT

VOL. 8: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE

VOL. 9: ROAD TO JERICHO



MORE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED TALES OF THE EMERALD ARCHER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 2
SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE



KEVIN SMITH
PHIL HESTER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 3:
ARCHER'S QUEST



BRAD METZER
PHIL HESTER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 4:
STRAIGHT SHOOTER



JUDD WINICK
PHIL HESTER

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The Hand

